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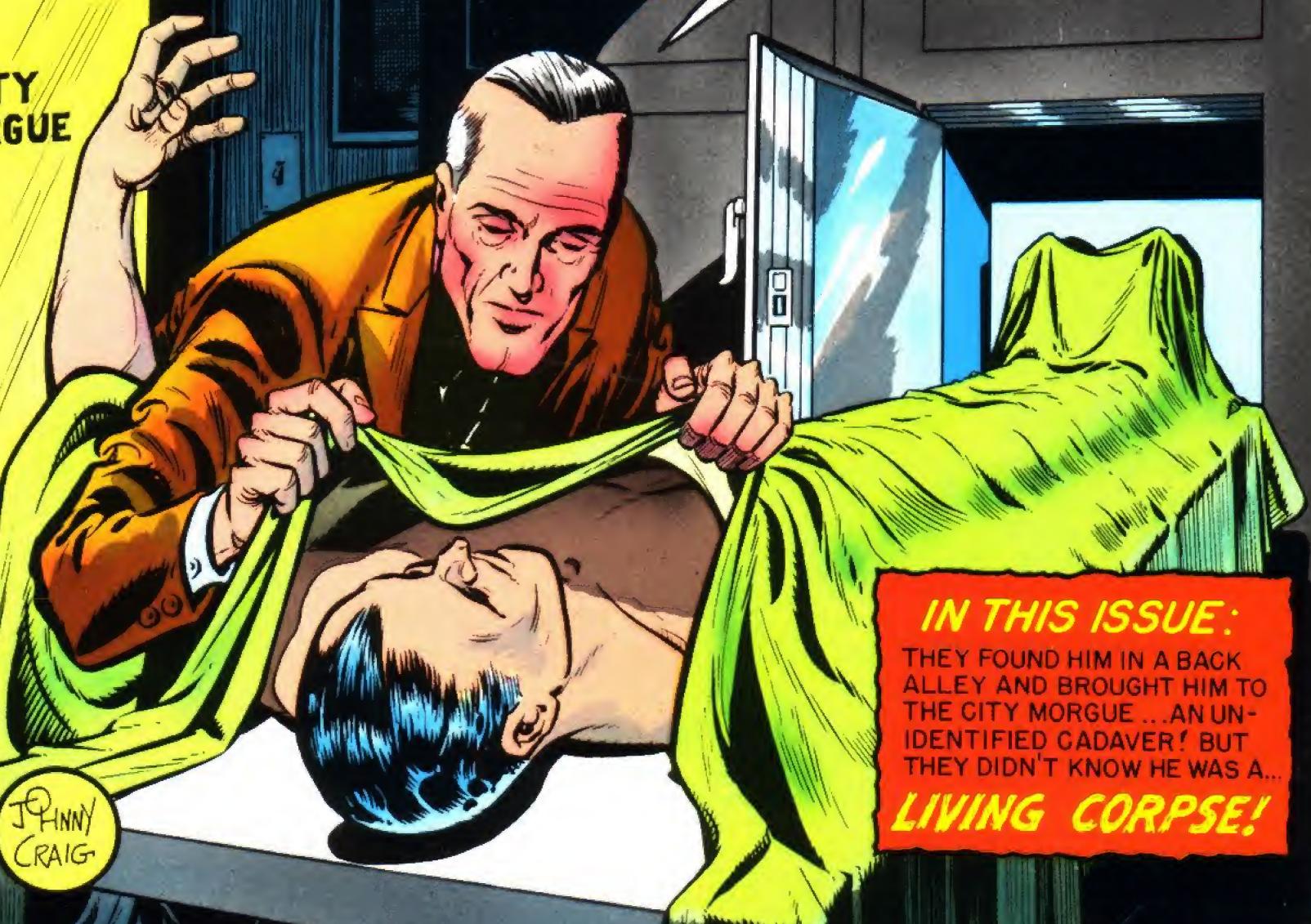
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INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...

ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!

I'VE SEEN PLENTY
OF *STIFFS* IN MY YEARS
AROUND THIS PLACE...BUT THIS
IS THE FIRST ONE THAT HAS EVER
REALLY AFFECTED ME! THERE'S
SOMETHING *WEIRD* AND
FRIGHTENING ABOUT
IT!

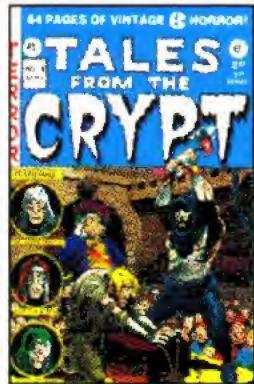
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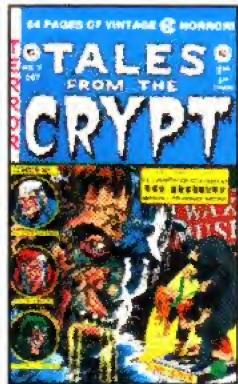
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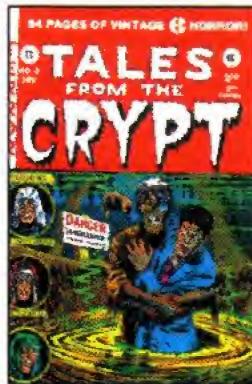
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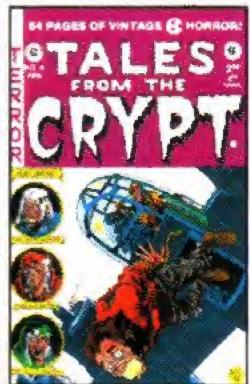
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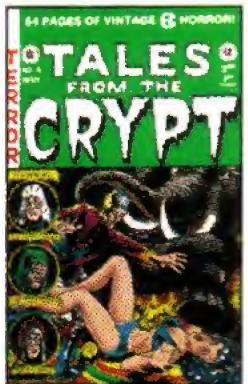
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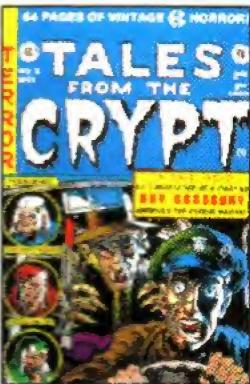
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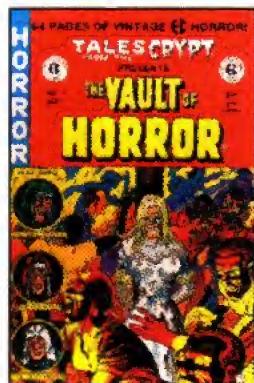
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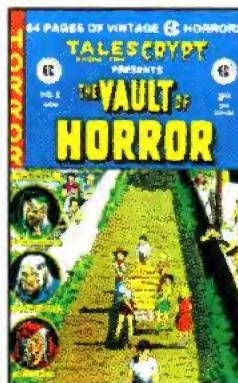
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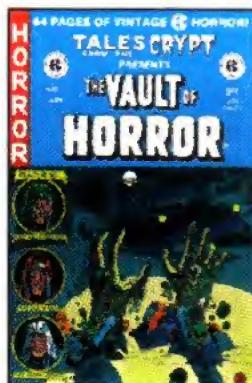
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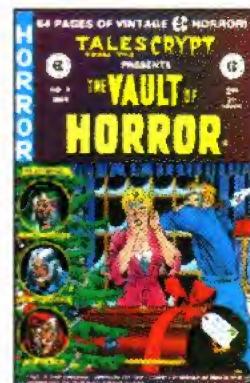
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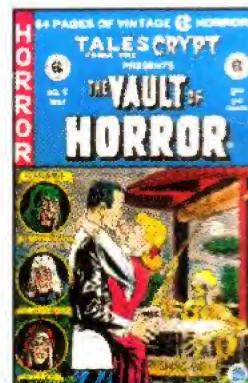
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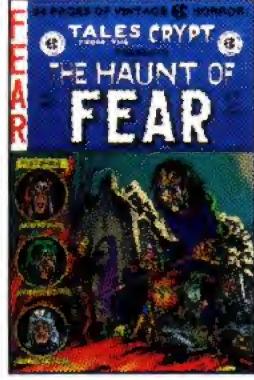
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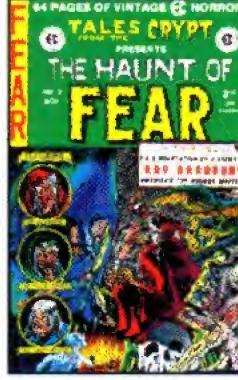
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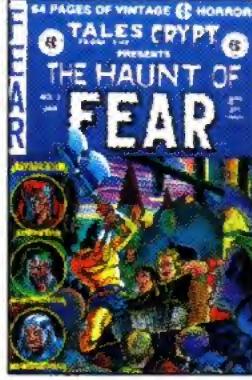
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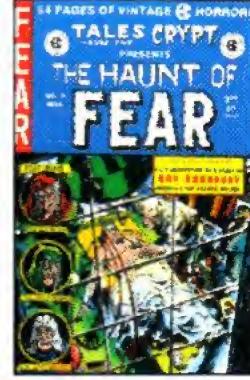
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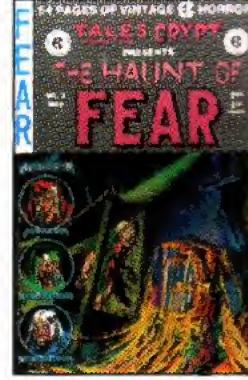
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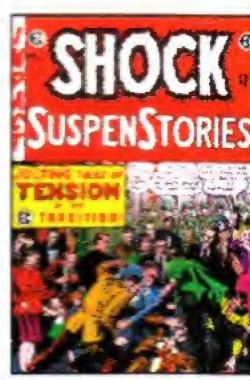
RCP HAUNT #3



RCP HAUNT #4



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EAST COAST #12

RCP CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 31 (1952)
CRIME 12 (1952)

#2: CRYPT 34 (1952)
CRIME 15 (1952)

#3: CRYPT 24 (1951)
CRIME 21 (1954)

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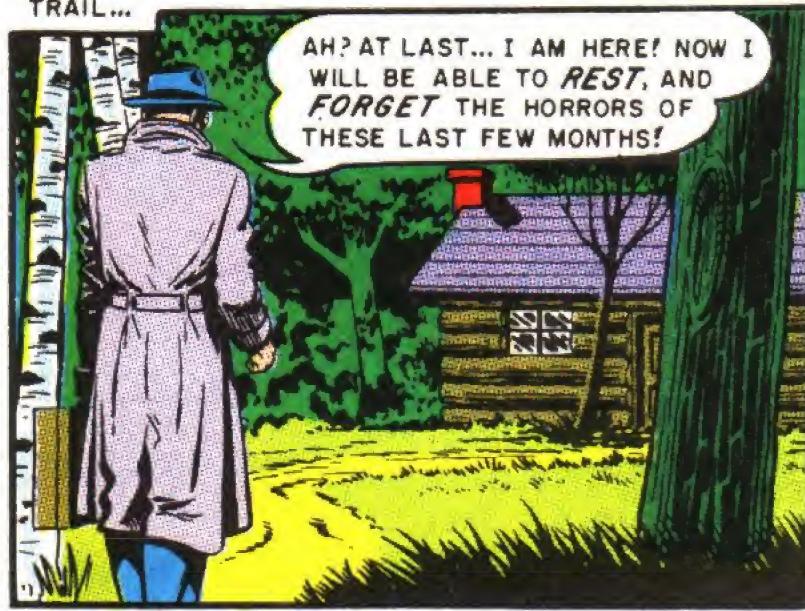
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

SO, WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME, I HAVE DUG DEEP INTO MY COLLECTION OF BLOOD-CURDLING TALES TO FIND A STORY THAT I'M SURE WILL TERRIFY YOU! THIS HAIR-RAISER I CALL...

**THE MAESTRO'S
HAND!**



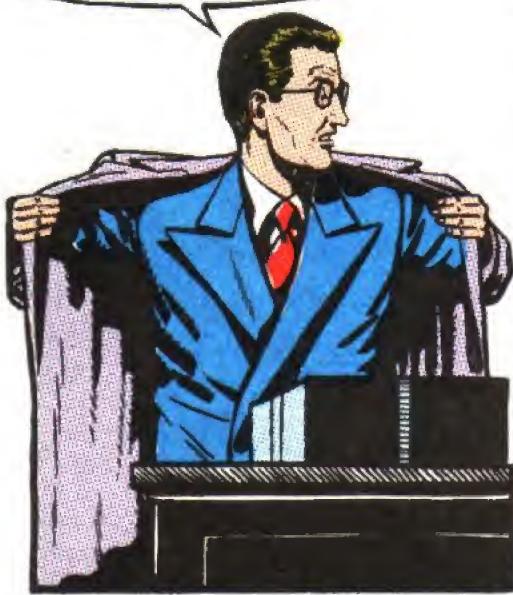
MY STORY BEGINS JUST OUTSIDE OF A DESERTED LOG CABIN IN A LONELY STRETCH OF WOODS! DOCTOR EMANUEL HELLMAN APPROACHES OVER AN OVERGROWN TRAIL...



AS THE DOCTOR UNLOCKS THE LONG-SEALED DOOR, HIS EYES FALL UPON...



I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE?
BR-R-R-R! IT'S COLD! I'LL
START A FIRE, FIRST!



AS THE GLOW OF THE FIRE PIERCES THE DIM INTERIOR OF THE CABIN, DR. HELLMAN SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR...



AS THE FLAMES OF THE FIRE LEAP HIGHER... AND ITS WARMTH SPREADS THROUGH THE CABIN... DR. EMANUEL HELLMAN SITS STARING INTO ITS DANCING LIGHT...



YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT WELL! YOU HAD TAKEN YOUR FIANCÉE, VIRGINIA CADDY, TO HEAR THE GREAT VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN PLAY... AND AS THE PIANO MUSIC GREW AND SWELLED TO ITS STIRRING CRESCENDO...



YOU SAT THERE AND WATCHED VIRGINIA, AS THE CONCERT WENT ON! SHE LISTENED, ENTHRALLED... AND WHEN IT WAS OVER... SHE STOOD UP TO APPLAUD...



YOU OBJECTED, DR. HELLMAN... BUT IN THE END, YOU JOINED THE GROUP OF ADMIRERS CROWDED AROUND MAESTRO BORRSTEIN! VIRGINIA WORKED HER WAY FORWARD... AND THEN... THEIR EYES MET...



CADDY! VIRGINIA CADDY!
I WANT SO MUCH TO TALK
TO YOU AGAIN... ABOUT YOUR
MUSIC! WILL YOU CALL ME?
I'M IN THE BOOK!

DELIGHTED...
MISS CADDY!
DELIGHTED!



...THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN! WHEN
I SAW HER SMILE AT HIM LIKE THAT,
I FELT MY FACE GROW HOT... AS
NOW, FROM THE HEAT OF THE FIRE!



YES, DR. HELLMAN! THAT WAS THE
BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF
THE END! THEY SAW EACH OTHER
MUCH AFTER THAT NIGHT...



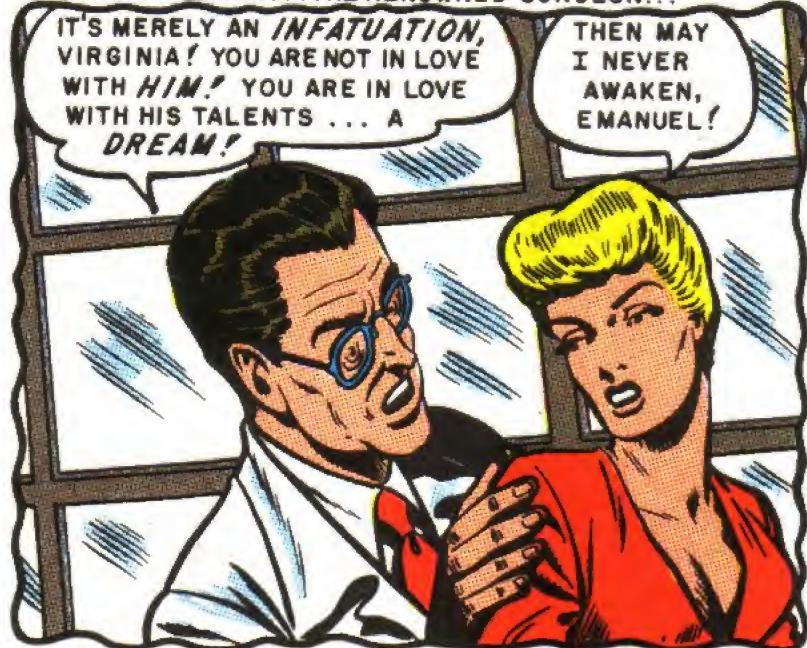
LIKED IT? SHE LOVED IT! SHE
WAS MAD ABOUT ANYTHING HE DID!
SHE HAD ALWAYS ADMIRE GENIUS...
CREATIVE ABILITY! BORRSTEIN WAS
THE ANSWER... THE TYPE OF MAN
VIRGINIA COULD...



SHE GAVE YOU BACK HER RING! YOU... THE GREAT
DOCTOR HELLMAN... THE RENOWNED SURGEON...

IT'S MERELY AN INFATUATION,
VIRGINIA! YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE
WITH HIM! YOU ARE IN LOVE
WITH HIS TALENTS... A
DREAM!

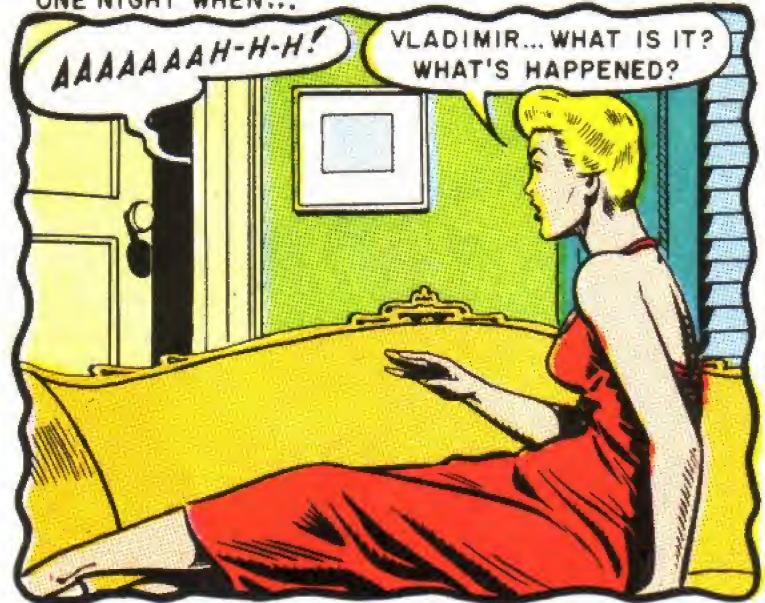
THEN MAY
I NEVER
AWAKEN,
EMANUEL!



SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME! SHE WILL COME
BACK TO ME... SHE WILL... SHE MUST! I'LL
MAKE HER FORGET HIM IF I HAVE TO...



AH, DEAR READER! WHAT EVILS MEN WILL COMMIT FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN! AND DR. HELLMAN WAS NO EXCEPTION! HIS CHANCE CAME ONE NIGHT WHEN...



JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME ABOUT THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, EH, DOCTOR? THEY CAME TO YOU... THE FOOLS!

HURRY, MANNY! IT'S WAIT OUT HERE, BLEEDING BADLY! COME IN, MR. BORRSTEIN!



HIS HAND... HIS WONDERFUL HAND FROM WHICH SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC FLOWED! HOW YOU HATED IT! HOW YOU HATED WHAT IT HAD DONE TO YOU... AND YOUR LOVE!



IT WAS A BAD SLASH! BUT... NOT NEARLY BAD ENOUGH TO WARRANT WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND...

SHE WOULD BE MINE ONCE MORE! HE WOULD NEVER PLAY... EVER AGAIN!



I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU A HYPO, MR. BORRSTEIN! IT WILL STOP THE PAIN AND MAKE YOU SLEEP!

GOOD! IT DOES HURT QUITE A BIT...



THEN... YOU SENT VIRGINIA HOME...

HE... HE SEVERED AN ARTERY!
I'VE GIVEN HIM A SEDATIVE! I
HAVE A TOURNEQUET ON, NOW!
THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO
WAIT AROUND... IT WILL BE HOURS
BEFORE HE AWAKENS!

ALL RIGHT!
CALL ME
AS SOON AS
HE DOES,
MANNY!



SHE LEFT AND YOU WENT BACK INTO YOUR OFFICE... TO THE INSTRUMENT CABINET...



YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT WELL! IN FACT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT... EVER! THE BLOOD... THE TEARING FLESH... THE SAWING OF THE BONE... AND THEN...



YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WELL AFTER THAT, DID YOU, DOCTOR? BORRSTEIN, DOWNSTAIRS... UNDER THE ANESTHETIC... AND YOU IN YOUR SWEATY BED...



AND THEN, SHE KILLED HERSELF...
AND YOU CAME HERE, DOCTOR, TO THIS
LONELY CABIN... TO FORGET!



SLOWLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN UNWRAPS
THE PARCEL! INSIDE IS A SMALL
BOX... AND AS HE OPENS IT...



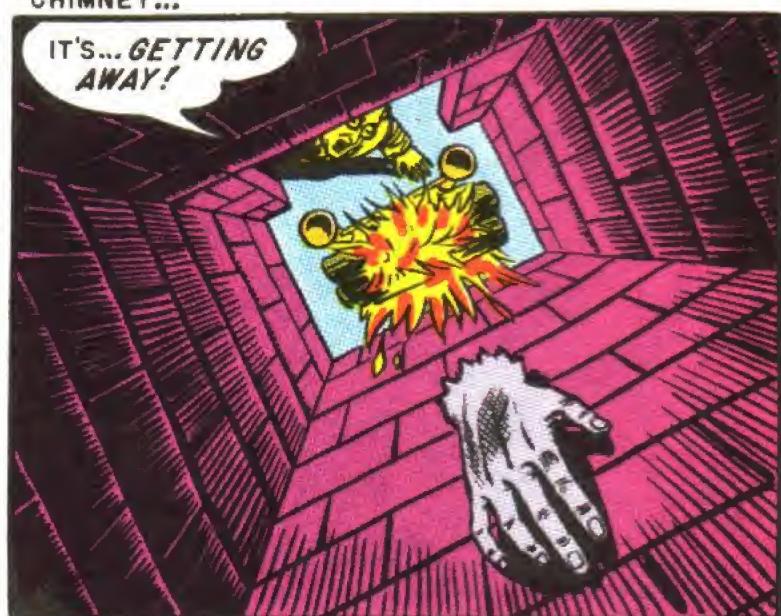
SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT, THE HAND
SPRINGS FROM THE BOX... TO HIS
THROAT...



SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DOCTOR HELLMAN
TEARS AT THE HAND GLUTCHING HIS THROAT, AND
WRENCHES IT FROM HIM!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHES, THE HAND, SINGED AND
BLACK, JUMPS FROM THE FIRE AND SCURRIES UP THE
CHIMNEY...



I CAN HEAR IT... CLATTERING OVER THE ROOF!
THE DOORS! THE WINDOWS! I'VE GOT
TO LOCK IT OUT!



AND EVEN AS HE WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW, DOCTOR
HELLMAN CAN SEE THE HAND MOVING ABOUT IN THE
GRASS NEAR THE HOUSE...



THE MINUTES BECOME HOURS... AND DOCTOR HELLMAN SITS, TERRIFIED, IN A CHAIR...

I CANNOT LET THE FIRE GO OUT! THE WINDOWS AND DOORS ARE LOCKED! BUT IF THE FIRE DIES... THE HAND WILL COME BACK DOWN THE CHIMNEY!



BUT AS THE HOURS DRAG ON... DOCTOR HELLMAN'S EYES, HEAVY WITH SLEEP... CLOSE! SUDDENLY... THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH MUSIC... PIANO MUSIC!



CAUTIOUSLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN SLIPS TOWARD THE PIANO... AND THEN HE SEES IT...



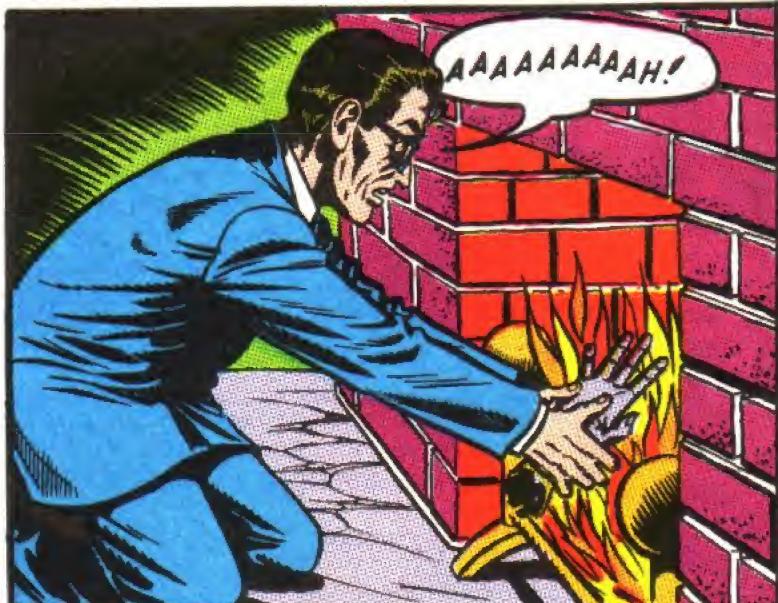
IF I COULD GRAB IT AS IT PLAYS... I COULD KILL IT BY HOLDING IT IN THE FLAMES...



QUIETLY, HELLMAN MOVES CLOSER... AND CLOSER... AND THEN HE LUNGES...



QUICKLY HE STUMBLES ACROSS THE ROOM... AND FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIRE, HE THRUSTS THE SQUIRMING HAND INTO IT...



AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LICK DOCTOR HELLMAN'S FINGERS, AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THE PAIN... HE RELAXES HIS GRIP ON THE WRITHING HAND...



THE HAND DARTS ACROSS THE FLOOR...RUNNING ON ITS FINGERS...THE STUMP OF THE WRIST RAISED!



BUT AS DOCTOR HELLMAN STAGGERS AFTER THE SCAMPERING HAND...



SUDDENLY THE HAND TURNS AND SPRINGS AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT...



VAINLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN STRUGGLES, TRYING TO PULL THE HAND FROM ITS STRANGLE HOLD ON HIS THROAT...



BUT, AFTER A WHILE, HIS STRENGTH EBBS... AND THE DOCTOR'S GRIP RELAXES! HE IS DEAD FROM STRANGULATION!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE CARETAKER DISCOVERS HIS BODY... AND CALLS THE POLICE...

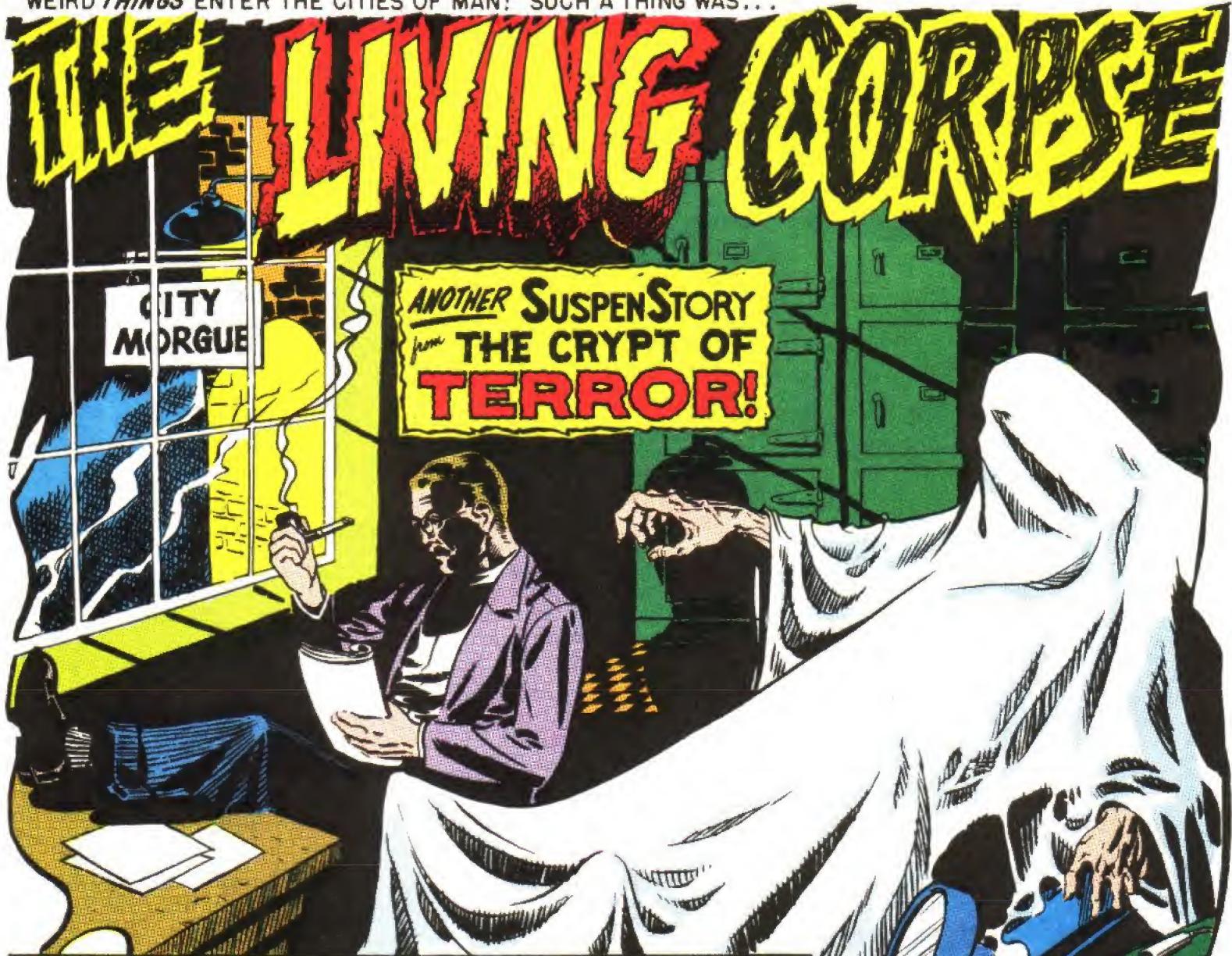


AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! THE "HAND" WAS IN DOCTOR HELLMAN'S OWN MIND! THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR COMMITTING SUCH AN UNDERHANDED TRICK! GRIPPING TALE, WASN'T IT?

WELL, IF YOU CAN STAND IT, THERE ARE MORE STORIES FROM MY COLLECTION FOLLOWING THIS ONE! TAKE A GOOD HOLD OF YOURSELF..HEH..HEH..AND READ ON!

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE ME? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO: CRYPT RUSS COCHRAN POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

ON FOG-SHROUDED NIGHTS, IN THE LONELIEST OF PLACES, STRANGE HORRORS WALK-- UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN TO MORTALS! BUT SOMETIMES... SOMETIMES THE BARRIER OF TERROR LIFTS SLIGHTLY AND WEIRD THINGS ENTER THE CITIES OF MAN! SUCH A THING WAS...



JED BRYANT'S JOB AS ATTENDANT AT THE MORGUE WAS NOT WHAT ONE WOULD CALL PLEASANT, BUT JED WAS GETTING OLD, AND THE WORK WAS EASY...

FOUND THIS STIFF IN A BACK ALLEY, DEAD AS CAN BE!

HEY, JED, THIS PLACE SURE IS QUIET!

YEAH, IT'S QUIET ALL RIGHT! ANYWAY, THE CUSTOMERS DON'T COMPLAIN! HEH, HEH, HEH!



THE MEN LEFT, AND QUIET REIGNED, BROKEN ONLY BY THE TICK-TOCK OF THE CLOCK... BUT BEHIND JED'S BACK A GRISLY SCENE WAS BEING ENACTED...



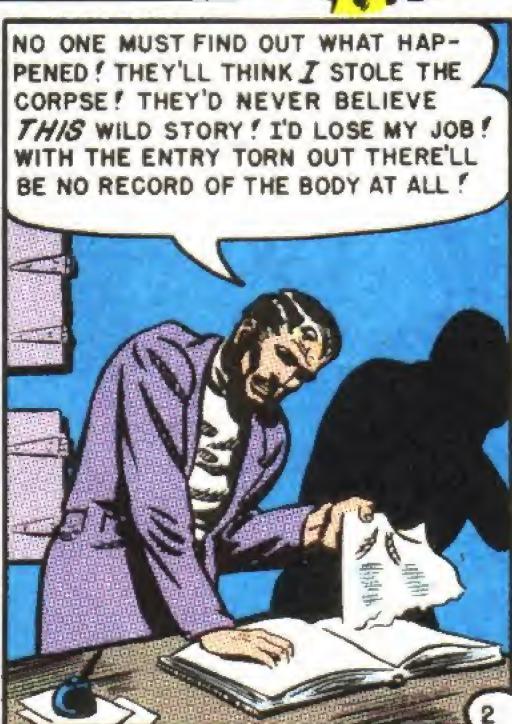
SUDDENLY THE DEATHLY STILLNESS WAS BROKEN BY A WEIRD BUBBLING SCREAM FROM THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE! ICY FINGERS CLUTCHED AT JED'S THROAT...



JED'S STRAINING HEART POUNDED UNMERCIFULLY AS THE TERRIBLE CLAMMY HANDS SQUEEZED HIS THROAT! AS HE SANK DOWN INTO STYGAN DEPTHS HE GASPED... AIR... AIR...



SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS CAME AS JED RETURNED FROM THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS! HIS THROBBING EYES WILDLY SEARCHED THE ROOM... THE CORPSE WAS GONE!



THE WALK HOME FROM THE JOB WAS A NIGHTMARE! JED CONSTANTLY PEERED OVER HIS SHOULDER AS THE SIMPLE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ASSUMED WEIRD AND FANTASTIC FORMS...

I SEE...THINGS! THEY'RE NOT REAL...THEY CAN'T BE!



CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING ME! THE PLACE IS SO DARK!



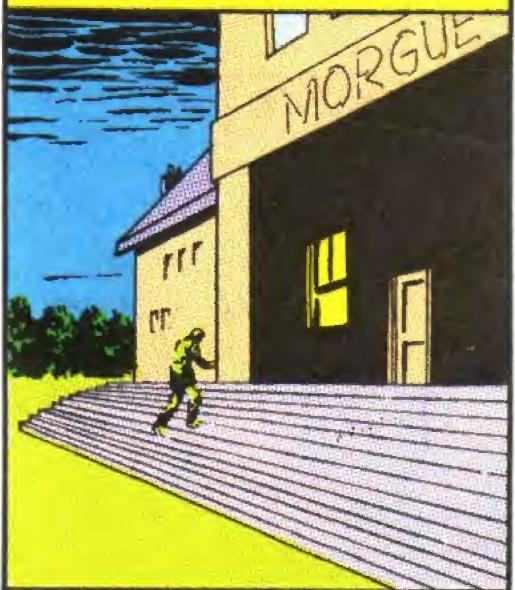
AH! THAT'S BETTER! I'LL GET RIGHT TO BED!



THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED JED'S DREAMS LEFT HIM WEAK AND EXHAUSTED! HOW COULD HE FACE THE NEXT NIGHT'S WORK?



NO PRISONER WALKING THE LAST MILE EVER DRAGGED HIS STEPS MORE THAN JED! FALTERING AND TREMBLING HE ENTERED THE MORGUE...

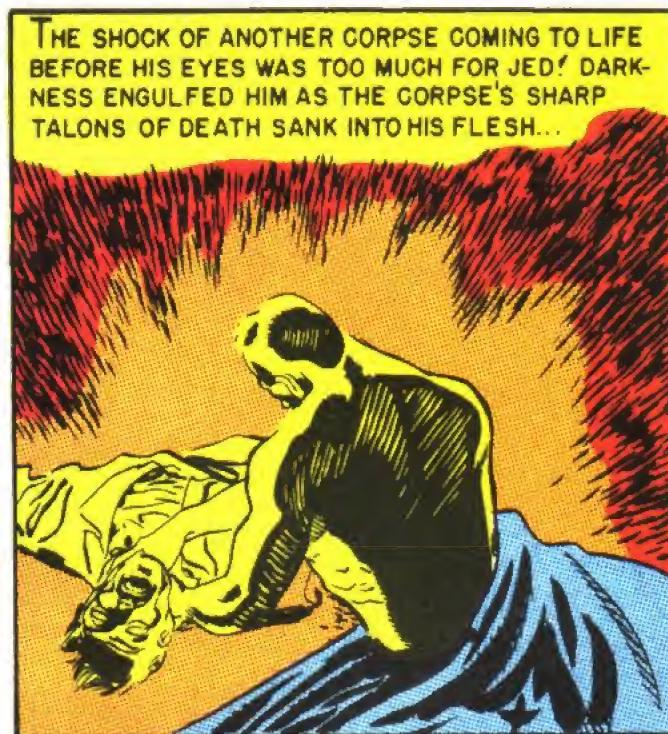


GOTTA KEEP MY MIND ON MY WORK! CHECK THESE BODIES! LOOK AT THIS POOR MAN...GUESS THIS JOB'S BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN!

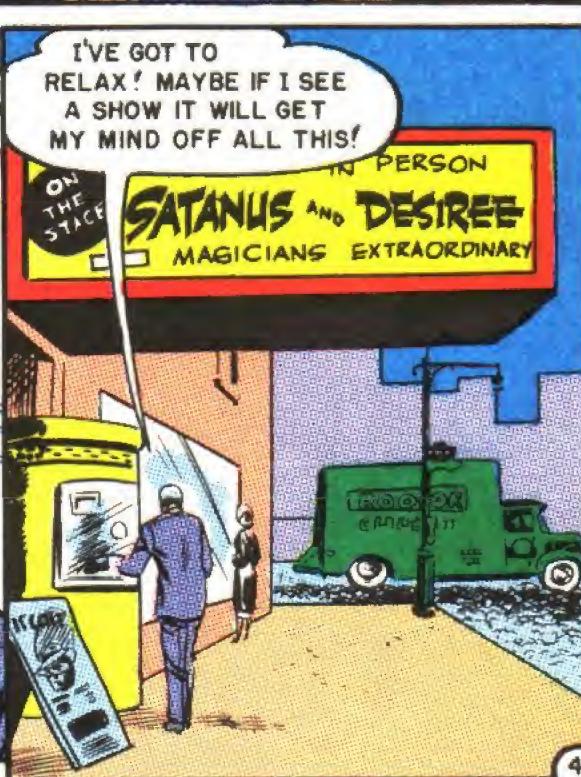


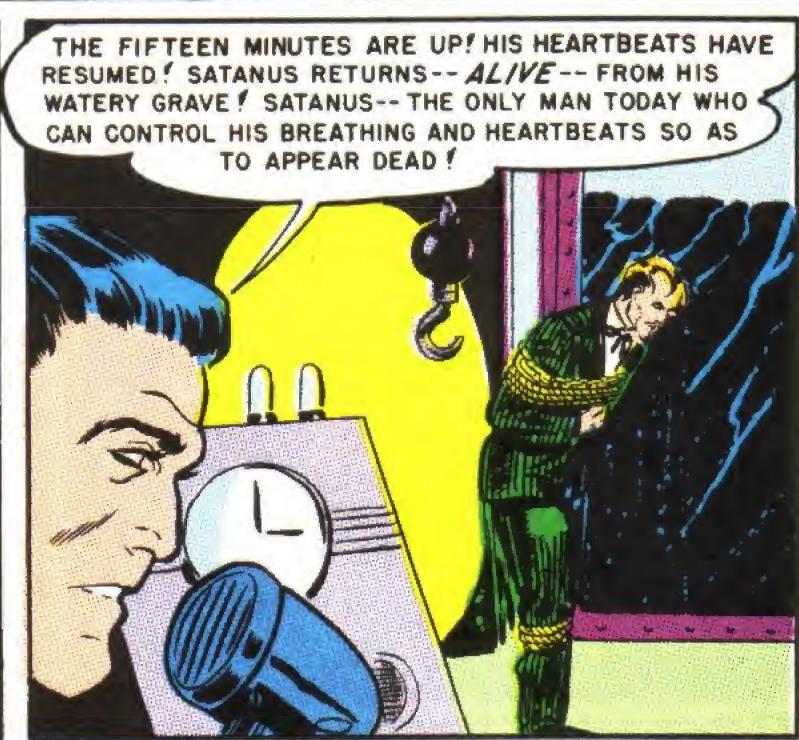
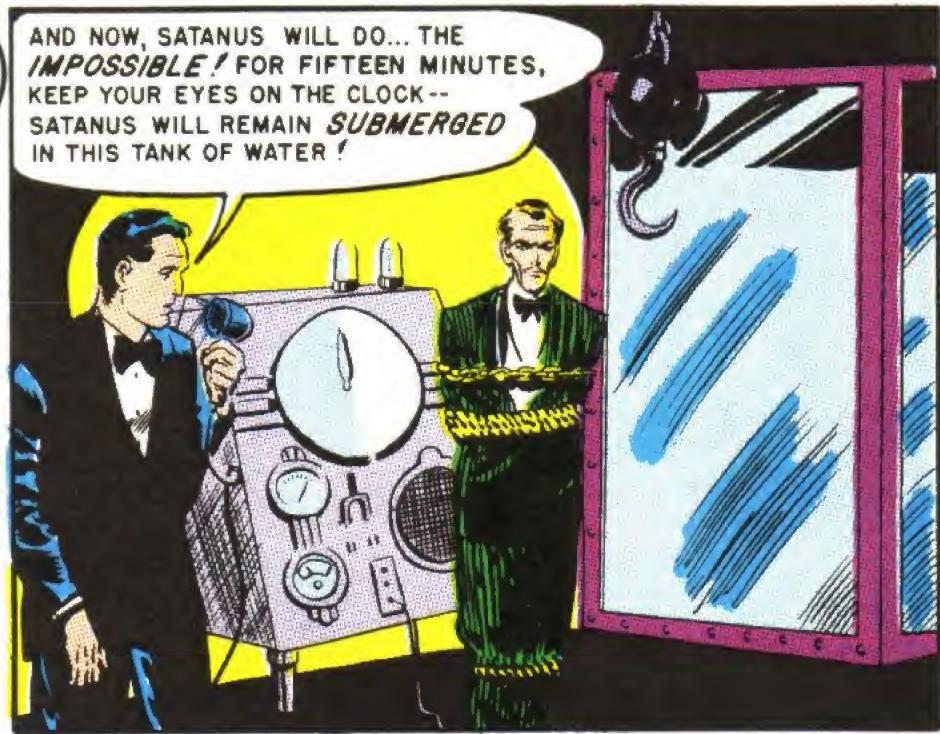
HERE'S ONE MUST'VE COME JUST BEFORE I GOT HERE. GUESS I BETTER TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I SHOVE IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR!

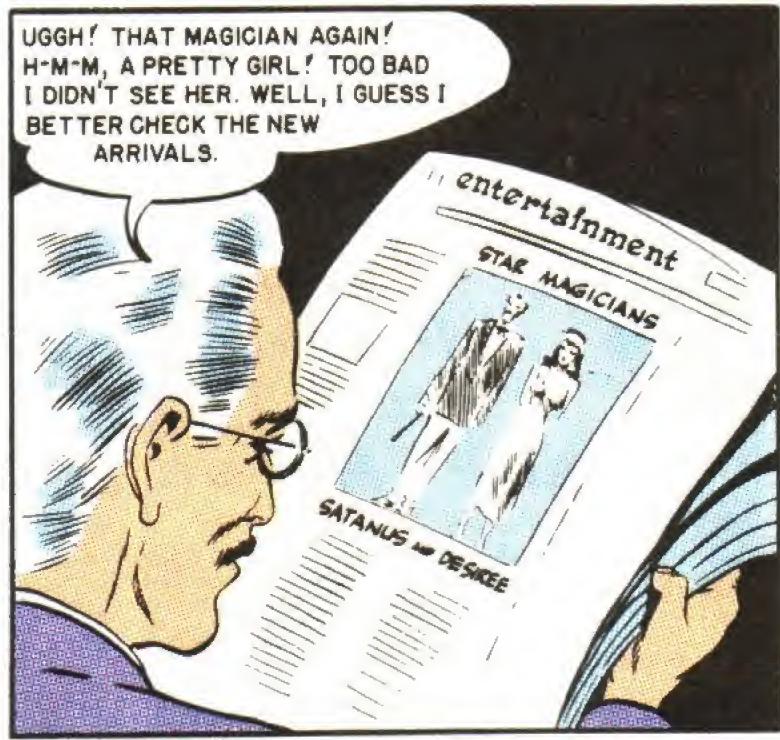
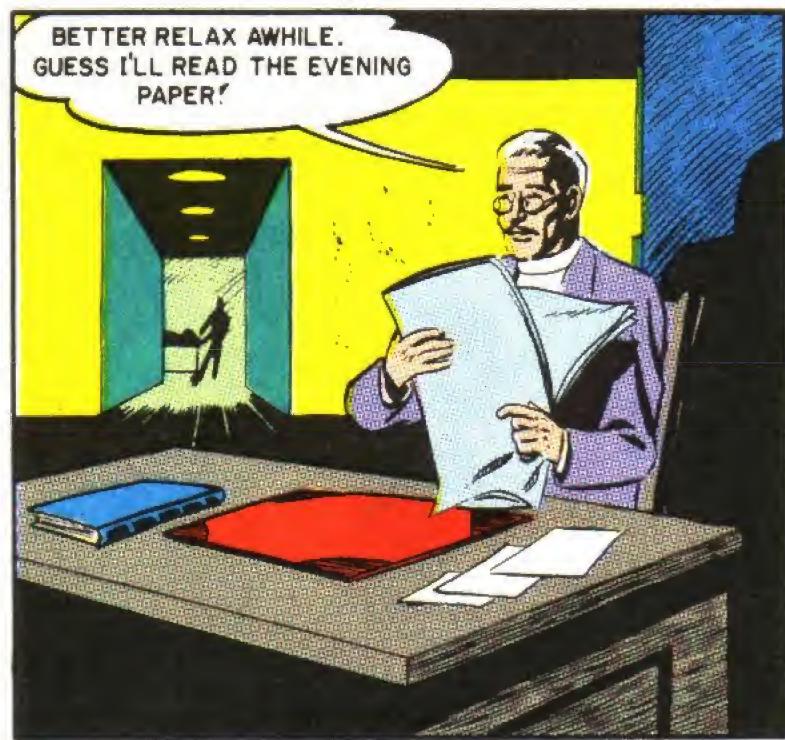


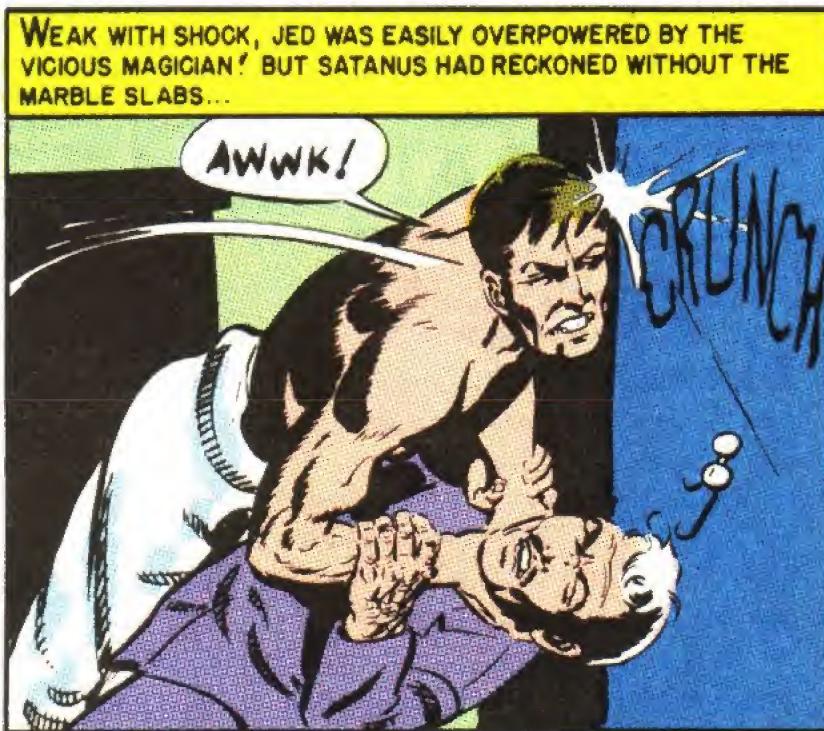


BUT I CAN'T SEE A DOCTOR! HOW CAN I TELL ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED? I'M ALL ALONE...AND I'M SCARED! THAT THING... IT MAY BE FOLLOWING ME!









PORTRAIT OF LIFE...AND DEATH!

Rollini touched his paint-brush to the palette... and as he withdrew it and turned toward his easel there was a strange glint to his eyes. His mouth hardened momentarily as he scrutinized the canvas before him... then his flesh filled with color and his eyes widened as if with wild delight.

"This will be the painting to enshrine my name forever," he thought, his chest rising and falling with great rapidity, as if inwardly he were going through some strange and tremendous exertion. "This will be a token of my great talent," he thought. And his eye moved from the flaming, tempestuous colors of the canvas to the woman who stood across the room from him. There could be no uncertainty about it... the canvas was an exact duplicate of the living woman... but there was a bizarre, almost a ghostly difference. For the woman appeared to be bloodless, even the pigmentation of her hair appeared to have begun to seep from her. If anything, the portrait was more lifelike than the living woman who was posing for it.

"It was wise of me," Rollini murmured to himself as his brush flashed and stabbed at the canvas, now applying the magenta, now the deep rich brown. "Wise of me to marry my model... so that I could bring her here to my garret without fear of talk behind my back."

The picture was nearing the great moment of completion, and Rollini worked with redoubled speed, completely engrossed now in the portrait of his wife. "She has not left the garret in weeks," he thought to himself as he worked on, never tiring in his labors, never ceasing... his eye flashing from model to canvas... from canvas to model. "Since I started this great portrait of my wife, she has been a virtual prisoner! For I cannot let her interfere with the mood that has seized me... cannot let her break the spell which enables me to put on canvas the very crystallization of what she is, what she lives for! For this portrait will BE life to all those who see it!"

He hunched forward more than ever now... the end was clearly in sight. Another dab at the sharp line of the eyebrows... a stroke at the cupid's bow mouth... and he would have transferred all that his young wife was to the canvas!

He turned once again to the spot where the living woman sat for a last sweeping view... and suddenly he was shocked by her sight. For in the few short weeks he had been working on her portrait she had visibly aged. Suddenly he was aware of her pallid complexion, of her wax-like skin. He MUST finish now... must HURRY!

And then it was finished! With a roar of triumph he threw his brush and palette to the floor. "This is the great work of my life, little one," he shouted, "and I could not have done it without YOU! For it is LIFE... life transferred to canvas!"

And he turned at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder... then bewilderment... then stark fear! A light seemed to dim and burn out behind his eyes! A mad look came over him. There, on the other side of the room, his wife lay dead where she had fallen from the spot in which she had posed! And she was old... as old as the portrait was young! Rollini had succeeded... he had taken his wife's life... and put it on canvas!



THOSE LIGHTS MRS. MANDER THOUGHT SHE SAW FLICKERING IN THE NIGHT... THE GHASTLY WAIL SHE WAS **POSITIVE** SHE HEARD... THE DOG WITH ITS THROAT SLASHED BY THE VERY KNIFE SHE FOUND AT THE FOOT OF HER BED... ALL OF IT COULD MEAN ONLY **ONE** THING! THERE WAS...

MADNESS at MANDERVILLE



MANDERVILLE SEEMED LIKE EVERY OTHER HOUSE IN ITS NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT THERE WAS **ONE** STARTLING DIFFERENCE...

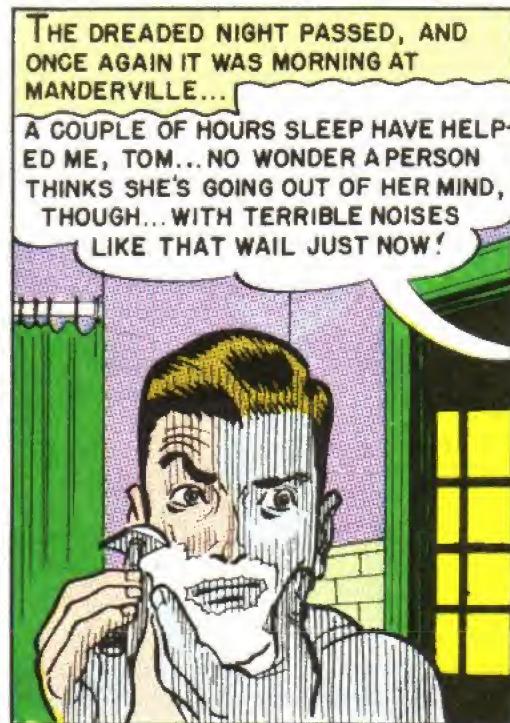
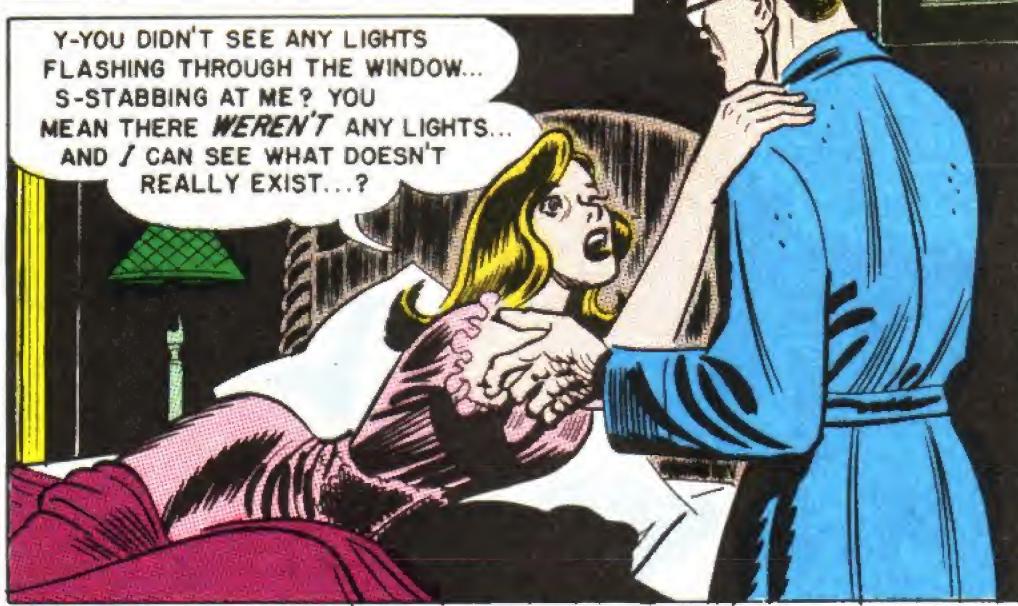
I GAVE THE SERVANTS THE NIGHT OFF, TOM... THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE LIKE OLD TIMES IF I PREPARED THE MEAL... AND WE WERE ALONE TOGETHER!



EVER SINCE THAT TERRIBLE ACCIDENT... WHEN WE LOST YOUNG BILLY... I'VE FELT A GREAT CHANGE TAKING PLACE! IT'S AS IF MY MIND WAS UNDERGOING SOME SORT OF METAMORPHOSIS! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, TOM?



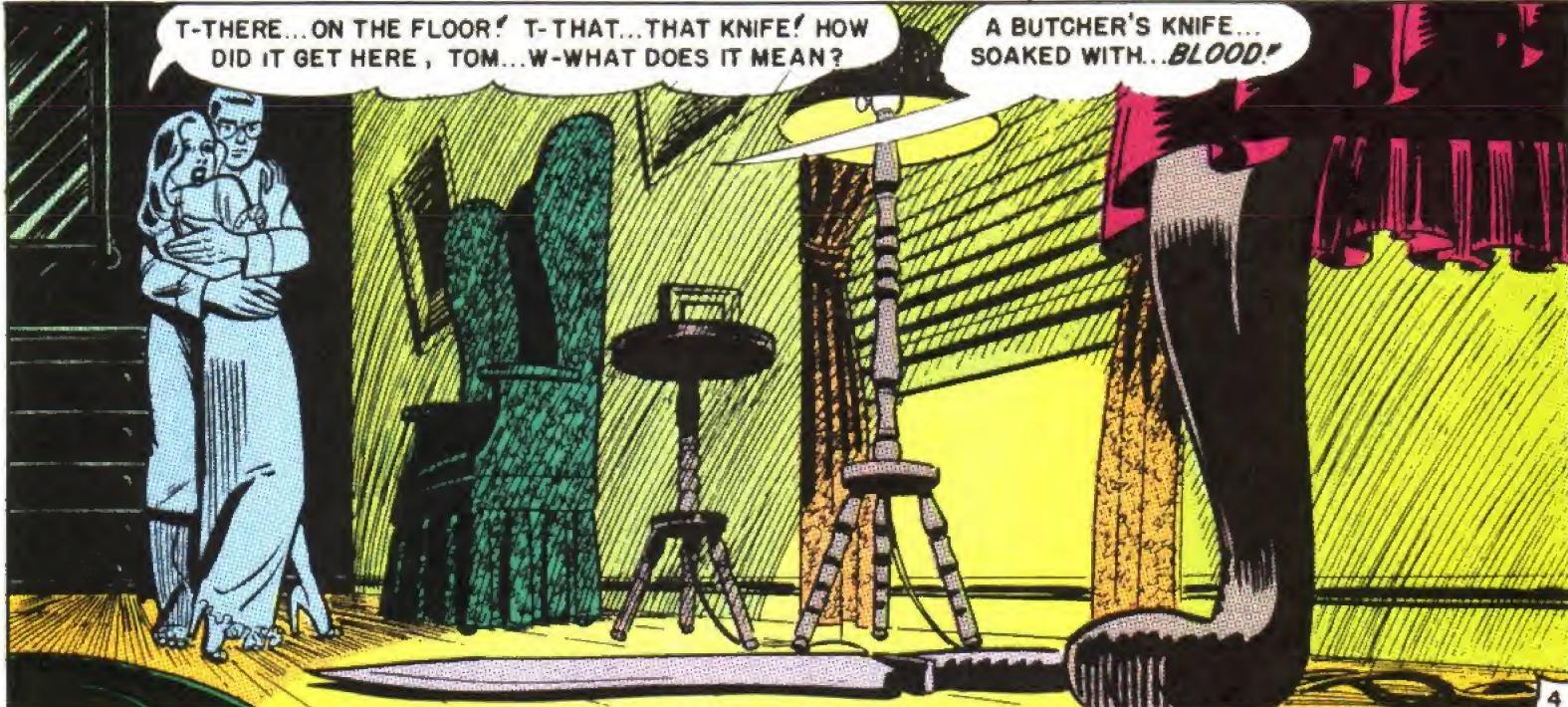




THIS IS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN I FEARED! MARION MUST BE IN REALLY BAD SHAPE! AS SOON AS I FINISH AT THE OFFICE... I'D BETTER HURRY HOME! AND IF SHE WANDERS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN... NO TELLING *WHAT* SHE MAY PUT IN THE FOOD! BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH DOCTOR BRENNER NEXT DOOR!



THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW... THEY STRETCHED INTO AN HOUR... TWO HOURS...



THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SEEMED INTERMINABLE TO TOM MANDER... BUT AT LAST HE WAS BACK AT MANDERVILLE. AND THE EVENING HAD PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT...

COME UP AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR PAPER, TOM...

SHE *DOES* SEEM BETTER, TONIGHT! HER SPIRITS HAVE LIFTED... AND THESE CURIOUS THINGS SHE SEES AND HEARS... M-MAYBE THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!



THAT WILD, INSANE LOOK... IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE FROM HER EYES! THE STRAIN OF BILLY'S DEATH... IT MAY BE WEARING OFF AT LAST! I'VE ASKED DOCTOR BRENNER TO STOP IN TO-MORROW... PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HER ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY!



TOM MANDER WAS IN NO MOOD FOR SLEEP... QUIETLY HE WATCHED HIS WIFE CROSS THE ROOM... ALERT FOR ANY OUTBREAKS ON HER PART... ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ONGOING SPELL...

NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM... I-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TERRIBLY... RESTLESS... TONIGHT!

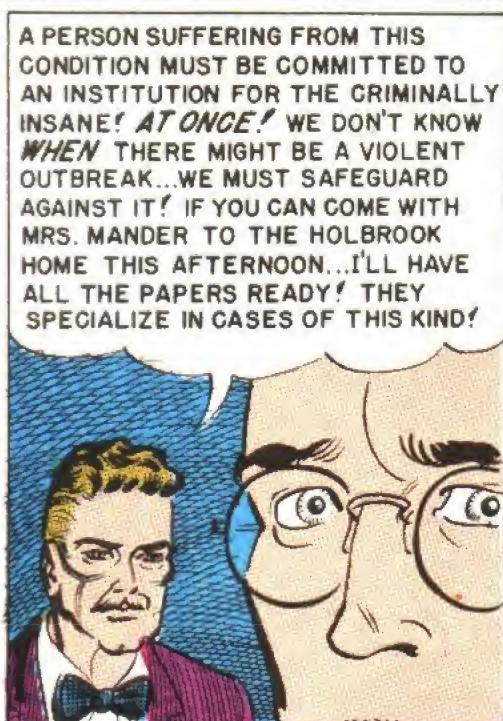
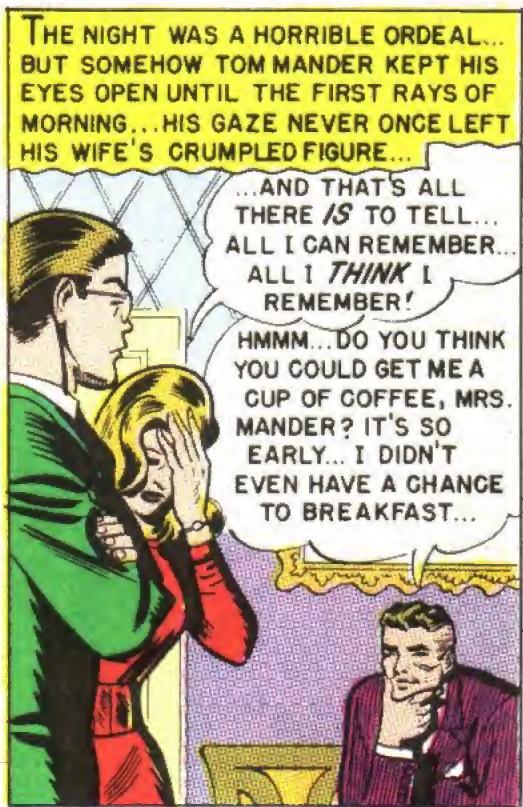


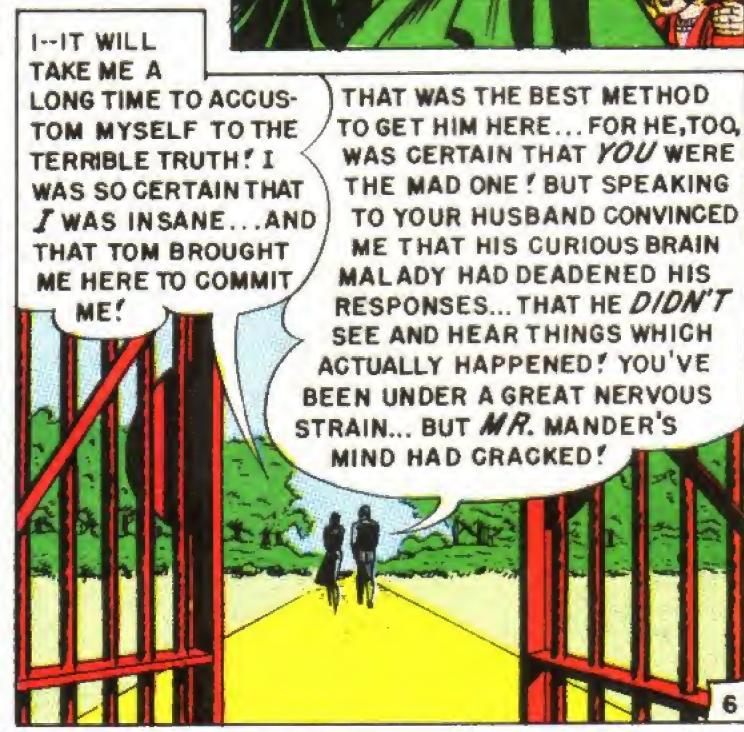
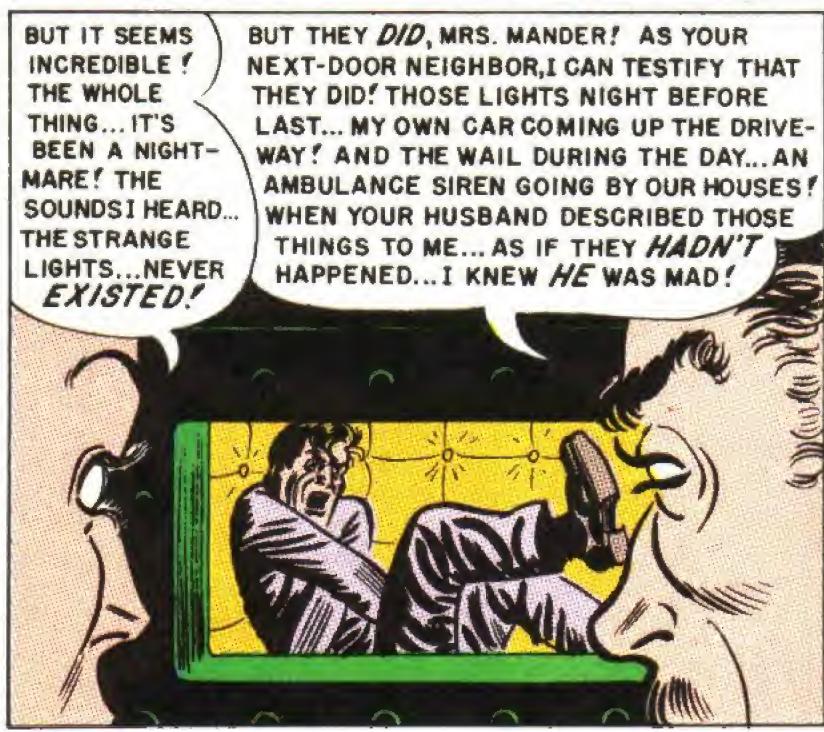
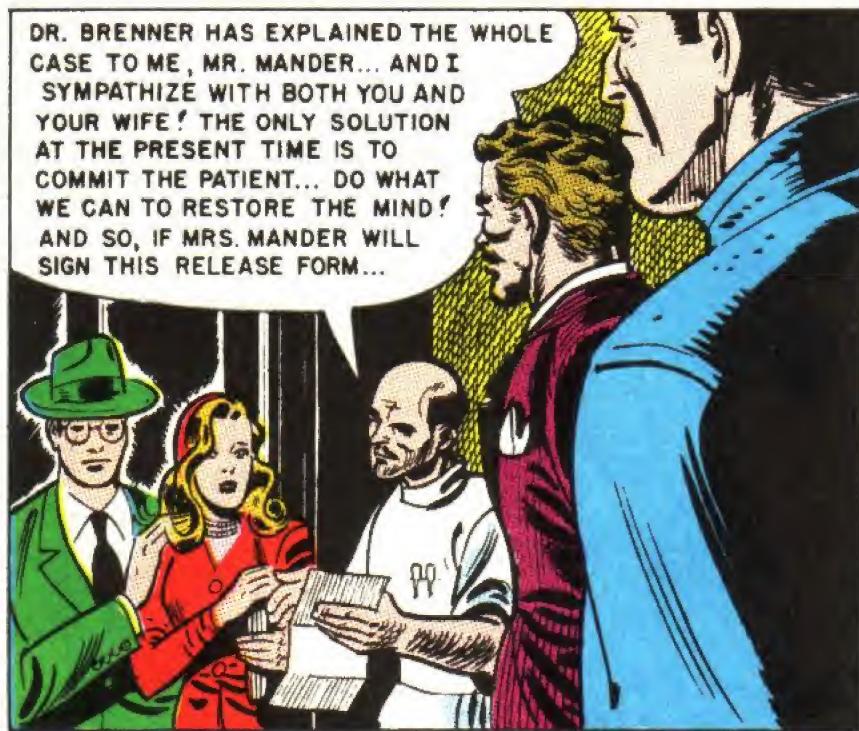
T-TOM! GOOD HEAVENS! I... I... FEEL FAINT!



T-THERE... ON THE FLOOR! T-THAT... THAT KNIFE! HOW DID IT GET HERE, TOM... W-WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



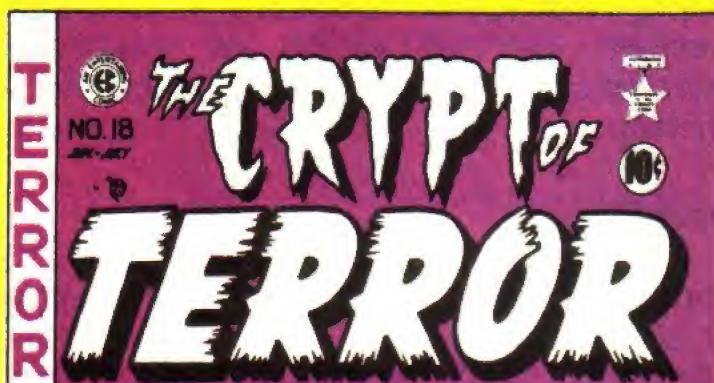






THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Already I'm up to the second issue of my morbid mag! It seems like only 42 years ago I released this the first time (as "#18" of THE CRYPT OF TERROR, see the original logo below).



Dear CK,

This is in defense of 11-year-old Alicyn Novit, who wrote that her friends like to read "Ghost Ship" in "Tales From the Crypt" Vol. 2. You said it was Vol. 1.

"Ghost Ship" is indeed in Vol. 2, of the Random House series of novelizations of "Tales From the Crypt" stories. I bet that's what Alicyn's library has; it's a series of children's books newly illustrated by Jack Davis, along with panels from the originals.

You've got your "Crypts" crossed.

Guy MacMillin
Chesterfield, NH

Egad! That great Guy is right! That'll teach me to stay out of circulation for 4 decades! Alicyn, whose letter ran in NEW CRYPT #1, was little doubt right, and I offer her my sincere apologies! Random House is up to Volume 5 (ISBN 0-679-83074-X) of their series, which features new Ghoulunatic covers by Davis. Also new, "Jokes from the Crypt" (ISBN 0-679-83168-1) which features me (and two other jokers) as a stand-up comic.

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I would like to start off by saying that I am EC's number-one fan!!! Robert Borruso, who claimed he was in NEW CRYPT #1 doesn't even know the proper abbreviation for "Tales From the Crypt" which is "Crypt" (he said

"Tales"). If Robert isn't #1, what makes me #1? Well, I've made a list:

1. I study the art of EC and can pick out what was drawn by whom.
2. I know the history of EC comics.

There are many other reasons which have slipped my mind at the moment. Love is what you need to be a fan. You must love Ghastly's detailed painted style of art. You must love Davis's small arches which he often used to fade out from shadows and the wrinkled-pants technique. You must love Craig's extra sideburn and flipping hair along with his quality corpse drawings (Davis also has the corpse quality). You must love Marie Severin's coloring skills. She knew the right color schemes for each artist and used excellent contrast in shades. She always equipped Ghastly with faded shades of blue, orange and deep reds.

EC comics have inspired me to be a writer. It also has inspired my friend Dan Kraut (another super mega-big huge EC fan) to be a writer.

Now you have brought his dream back to a new generation of readers who, like me, have been inspired to be perhaps another Ghastly (my favorite EC artist) or another Davis or Craig. Thank you!

CRYPT's True #1 Fan,
Philip M. Smith
Philadelphia, PA

Is there anyone who'd like to be CRYPT's #1 False Fan?

—CK

Dear Mr. Cochran,

My name is Shawn Chancey, and I am a big CRYPT and VAULT fan. I would like more information on the hardback books you sell. Please send it to me.

Thank you!

From a CRYPT lover and a Real Horror Fan!

Shawn Chancey

Please note Shawn is not claiming to be the True #1 Real Horror Fan! And thank goodness!

—CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I've just started to read your comics and they are great! I have a question. Where did the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch come from? Keep up the good work.

Tahara Eastman
Tulsa, OK

V-K and OW came from—under a rock! And they can crawl right back! No, seriously (seriously?), OW came from the Old Country (watch for HAUNT #14, or get RCP HAUNT #1, see our ad in this comic). The Vault-Keeper came from nowhere and his stories from the same place.

—CK



Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I thoroughly enjoyed [RCP CRYPT 6]. Excellent artwork. I buy your magazine not only for the quality reading material, but for the fantastic illustrations. This is definitely one of the spookiest, superbly well-written, talentedly artistic comic books I've ever read and looked at, one of the best comics around. It's—Great! What a mag!

A sincere CRYPT artist/reader fan,
Melanie Miller
Lawrenceville, IL

You may not be the #1 artist/reader fan, but you're sincere.

—CK

Dear CK,

I just finished [RCP CRYPT 6]. Terror-ific! Why, I even loved the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES at the back of the book!

In Comic Buyers Guide No. 441 (I think) while introducing [RCP CRYPT #4], your teeth were vampire's! Please spill it, are you a vampire?

But back to Tales, I was going to say the Vault-Keeper's stories are like him, DEAD. They make me snore.

Laramie, why must you irritate the Ghoulunatics so? Please give a little time in between your letters.

Well, I've taken enough of your time and the sun's coming up, so I'll dig you later!

Eric Henderson
Burnsville, MN

I'll ask for a DIG-UP call for midnight, that's my time to HOWL! Erik, the CRIME material is good stuff, and you can get it in our reprints of CRIME appearing as a separate title every quarter!

No, I'm not a vampire, nor do I play one on TV. But after decades of waiting around to get back into comics, I got a little long in the tooth! That's the fangs I get!

VK's a dead one, alright, altho I never held that against anyone. It's only right to read them the same way he writes them, asleep! I wonder if Laramie Carlson isn't a victim of Vaultosis Narcosis; it's been weeks since he's written.

—CK

Dear Russ,

Thank you for reprinting those great EC horror comics from the early 50s. At the age of 35, I always felt that I had missed out on something truly classic. Although I have several of your other classic reprints, these new reprints, in the original 32 page format, are "The Real Thing". I'm very pleased with the superior quality, and have enclosed a subscription order for CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT.

Mailing the comics in strong envelopes is a good idea. Most apartment mailboxes are small, with a common magazine rack. The envelopes should prevent dog-eared copies.

Once again, thank you, and keep up the good work.

Bruce C. Beighley
Waltham, MA

Okay, we WILL keep the good work, to wit:

The second issues of NEW WEIRD SCIENCE, and SHOCK are now in release, and you can still get the first issues of NEW VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY, TWO-FISTED TALES, HAUNT, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY and CRIME! Ask your comic book shop to stock them, or write to us for back issues! Better yet, SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

We want letters! Write to:
CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

**THIS COMIC REPRINTS:
CRYPT OF TERROR "#18" (#2, 1950)**

"The Maestro's Hand!"
"The Living Corpse"
"Madness at Manderville"
"Mute Witness to Murder!"

Al Feldstein
Wally Wood
Harvey Kurtzman
Johnny Craig

Women are known as the talkative sex, but I never fully realized the power of the *unspoken* word until I became a...

MUTE WITNESS to MURDER!



ANOTHER SUSPENSTORY
from THE CRYPT OF
TERROR!

JOHNNY
CRAIG

IT WAS THE EVENING OF OUR SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND STEVE AND I HAD JUST RETURNED TO OUR APARTMENT AFTER A GLORIOUS ROUND OF THE MANY NIGHT SPOTS! IT WAS ALMOST 3 A.M.... BUT I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT TIRED...

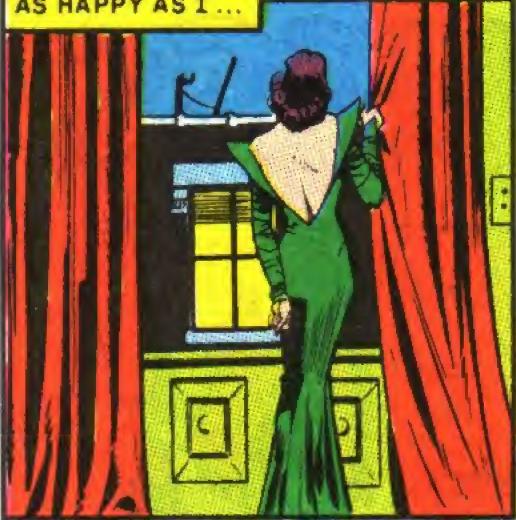


OH, NOT YET, STEVE... I'M TOO HAPPY AND EXCITED TO SLEEP! YOU GO... I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

OH... OKAY! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG, PAM!



STEVE WENT INTO OUR BEDROOM. I MOVED TO THE WINDOW AND STOOD LOOKING OUT... AT THE STARS AND SKY, AT A LIGHTED WINDOW ACROSS THE COURT... AND I WONDERED IF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE WERE AS HAPPY AS I...



I WATCHED AS A MAN AND WOMAN MOVED BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THEIR WINDOW. THEY WERE ARGUING...



MY FEELING OF HAPPINESS FLED... AND IN ITS PLACE THERE GREW A FEELING OF DREAD... A PREMONITION! SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... I KNEW IT... AND I WAS AFRAID!



I WATCHED SPELLBOUND! THE MAN WAS GESTURING WILDLY, AND THOUGH I COULDN'T HEAR HIS WORDS, I KNEW THEIR ARGUMENT HAD REACHED A DANGEROUS PEAK!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND... HE RAISED HIS ARM AND STRUCK HIS WIFE A HEAVY BLOW! SHE CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR... AND I KNEW SHE WAS DEAD! BEFORE MY EYES, THIS MAN HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE!



I WAS PARALYZED! I WANTED TO YELL... TO SCREAM FOR HELP! I WANTED TO RUN TO STEVE AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS HORRIBLE THING I HAD SEEN! I WANTED TO MOVE... BUT I COULDN'T!



SUDDENLY THE SPELL BROKE! I WHIRLED... STEVE WAS WATCHING ME FROM THE BEDROOM DOORWAY... WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAM? YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET! ANYTHING WRONG?



I OPENED MY MOUTH TO BLURT OUT TO STEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN! I OPENED MY MOUTH TO SPEAK... BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! MY LIPS MOVED... BUT NO SOUND CAME OUT! I COULDN'T TALK! I HAD BEEN STRUCK DUMB!

PAM! PAM! WHAT'S THE MATTER? PAM, ARE YOU SICK? PAM! SAY SOMETHING!



I COULDN'T SPEAK! I TRIED, BUT IT WAS NO USE! THE SHOCK OF SEEING A MURDER COMMITTED HAD CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY VOICE!

PAM, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! TELL ME!



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOU, PAM! YOU STAY QUIET... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I WANT TO GET A DOCTOR! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



STEVE RETURNED A FEW MOMENTS LATER TO FIND ME SLUMPED ON THE COUCH! I WAS STILL TREMBLING...

PAM...PAM, DARLING! I'VE BROUGHT DR. BASK TO EXAMINE YOU... HE LIVES HERE IN OUR BUILDING...



I SLOWLY TURNED TO FACE DR. BASK... FOR A MOMENT HIS FACE BLURRED... BUT IT SUDDENLY CAME INTO SHARP FOCUS! MY HEART KNOTTED AND BLOOD HAMMERED IN MY HEAD... FOR I FOUND MYSELF STARING INTO THE EYES OF THE MAN WHO HAD JUST KILLED HIS WIFE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOCTOR! SHE WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AND SUDDENLY BECAME THIS WAY... LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SHOCK! SHE CAN'T EVEN TALK!

LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW? HMM...



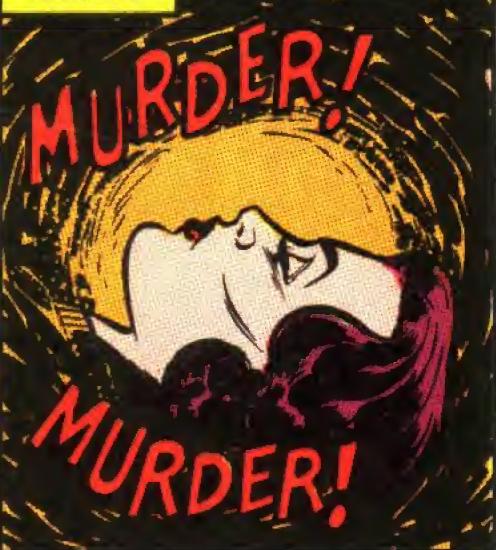
DR. BASK WENT TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT. WHEN HE TURNED TO US AGAIN I SAW IN HIS EYES THAT HE KNEW WHAT I HAD SEEN...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, DR. BASK? ER... SHOCK! POSSIBLY TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN ON HER NERVES IN SOME WAY!... COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY ANYTHING! I'LL GIVE HER A SEDATIVE NOW... MAKE HER SLEEP!



I TRIED TO FIGHT AGAINST BEING GIVEN A SEDATIVE, BUT WITH STEVE HOLDING ME, THINKING IT FOR MY OWN GOOD, IT WAS USELESS...

I FELT DROWSY IN A MATTER OF MINUTES... DURING WHICH TIME THE DOCTOR CONCLUDED HIS EXAMINATION. A MOMENT LATER I WAS ASLEEP...



I SLEPT LONG AND I AWOKE WITH A START... TO FIND DR. BASK BENDING OVER ME! I WAS NOT IN MY HOME...

AH, YOU'RE AWAKE, MY DEAR! NOW LIE QUIETLY AND THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WISH TO SAY...



I KNOW YOU SAW ME MURDER MY WIFE... AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS! AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T CONTACT ANYONE, I'M SAFE! THAT IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY SANITARIUM! I TOLD YOUR HUSBAND AND EVERYONE HERE THAT YOU ARE A VIOLENT MENTAL CASE AND ARE TO BE KEPT HERE IN CONFINEMENT... UNTIL I CAN "CURE" YOU!



YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE... NO ONE WILL HARM YOU! YOU WON'T BE DISTURBED EXCEPT FOR THE ATTENDANT WHO COMES TO FEED YOU! YOU SEE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED YOURSELF BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET! I DON'T WANT YOUR HANDS FREE TO WRITE NOTES TO THE ATTENDANT!



OF COURSE, THE ATTENDANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE "CRAZY," HA! HA! BUT I BELIEVE IN TAKING PRECAUTIONS!

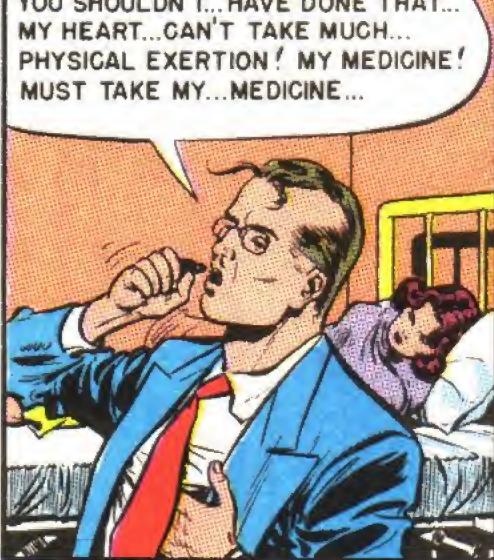
HEY! STOP THAT!

CAN'T LET HIM PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY BUT DR. BASK OVERPOWERED ME! IN A FEW MOMENTS I FOUND MYSELF TRUSSSED, HELPLESS, ON THE BED...

YOU SHOULDN'T... HAVE DONE THAT... MY HEART... CAN'T TAKE MUCH... PHYSICAL EXERTION! MY MEDICINE! MUST TAKE MY... MEDICINE...



AH! I FEEL ALL RIGHT NOW! MY DEAR, EVEN IF YOU HAD OVERPOWERED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE THIS ROOM... BECAUSE THE DOOR CAN ONLY BE OPENED OR CLOSED BY A GUARD IN THE CONTROL OFFICE PUSHING A BUTTON! EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC...



...AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!



IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE NOW! OH, STEVE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME!

HEANIGSON?... THIS IS DR. BASK IN ROOM 3 CB... OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE...



GOODBYE, PAMELA...

:SOB:
:SOB:



I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT...

STEVE :SOB: STEVE...
WHY WON'T YOU HELP ME?
:SOB: IF ONLY I COULD
SPEAK...TELL SOMEONE!
BUT I CAN'T! IT'S
HOPELESS...HOPELESS!

THE FEMALE ATTENDANT TENDED
AND FED ME REGULARLY. WHEN I
TRIED TO SPEAK, SHE WOULD PAT ME
ON THE SHOULDER AND SMILE...BUT
JUST TO HUMOR ME! *SHE* THOUGHT
I WAS CRAZY TOO!

SURE, KID,
SURE...TOUGH,
AIN'T IT? WHY
DON'T YOU
TAKE A NAP
NOW?

...AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE...AND I'D BE
ALONE AGAIN.

HEANIGSON?...THIS IS NURSE
BROWN. OPEN UP, WILL YOU?

OKAY,
BROWN...



DAYS PASSED MONOTONOUSLY. MY NERVES WERE ON EDGE
AND I SOMETIMES CRIED SO HYSTERICALLY THAT I
THOUGHT I MIGHT REALLY *BE* INSANE! AFTER MANY DAYS,
I RECEIVED A VISIT FROM DR. BASK...

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR?
SORRY I HAVEN'T DROPPED IN TO
SEE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN QUITE
BUSY! I CAME TODAY TO TELL
YOU SOME RATHER BAD NEWS!

BAD NEWS?
WHAT DOES HE
MEAN? HAS ANYTHING
HAPPENED TO
STEVE?

ANY TIME NOW THE SHOCK YOU
EXPERIENCED MAY WEAR OFF AND
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SPEAK
AGAIN! THAT WOULD BE VERY
DANGEROUS TO ME! SO, FOR MY
OWN PROTECTION, MY DEAR...
I SHALL HAVE TO *KILL* YOU!

KILL
ME ???
OH, WHAT
WILL I DO? I DON'T
WANT TO DIE! I'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!



IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! I'VE SCHEDULED
YOU FOR A *BRAIN OPERATION* TO-
MORROW...WHICH I WILL PERFORM! ONE
SLIP OF THE SCALPEL AND...

...AND I WILL HAVE RID MYSELF OF THE
ONE PERSON WHO COULD SEND ME TO
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT WILL BE A
'REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT!' HA! HA!



DR. BASK LEFT AND I THREW MYSELF ON THE BED, CRYING IN MY DESPAIR...



I...I SPOKE! MY VOICE HAS COME BACK! I CAN SPEAK AGAIN! OH, THANK HEAVEN, I CAN SPEAK! THERE'S HOPE LEFT! I'LL TELL NURSE BROWN AND... NO!

I CAN'T TELL ANYONE! THEY STILL THINK I'M CRAZY! THEY'LL TELL DR. BASK MY VOICE HAS RETURNED AND... THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!



ALL NIGHT LONG I LAY AWAKE, TRYING TO THINK OF A MEANS OF ESCAPE. BUT WHEN DR. BASK CAME THE NEXT MORNING, I STILL HAD NOT FORMULATED A PLAN...

I MUST REMEMBER NOT TO SPEAK! IF I SPEAK ONCE... I'M DOOMED!

WE'VE YET SOME TIME BEFORE YOUR OPERATION, MRS. WORTH, BUT I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR STRAIGHT-JACKET NOW!



AS DR. BASK LOOSENERED THE STRAPS, I REALIZED THAT THESE WOULD BE MY LAST FEW LIVING MOMENTS...FOR ONCE INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM, I WAS LOST! NOW WAS THE TIME... HERE WAS MY CHANCE...MY ONLY CHANCE! I LEAPED!



I FOUGHT VIOLENTLY! I KNEW I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF MY CELL, BUT STILL I FOUGHT! SUDDENLY...



HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR, HIS HANDS FUMBLING IN HIS POCKETS...TRYING TO FIND HIS LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE! A STUNNED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES...

:GASP: MY... MY MEDICINE!
I...DON'T HAVE IT... I DON'T HAVE MY MEDICINE! :GASP:
I'LL... I'LL DIE!



A FLOOD OF THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MY MIND AS HE LAY THERE, GASPING! WITH DR. BASK DEAD, I'D BE ABLE TO TELL ANOTHER DOCTOR WHAT HAPPENED... THEY'D EXAMINE ME AND FIND THAT I WAS *NOT* INSANE!





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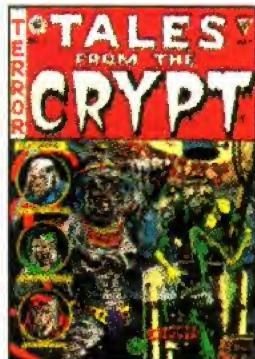
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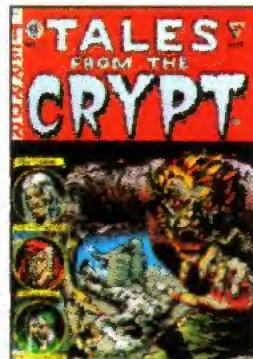
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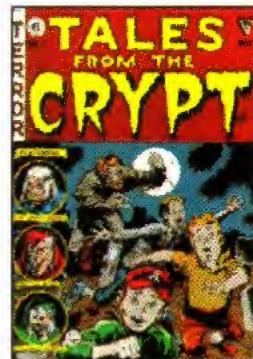
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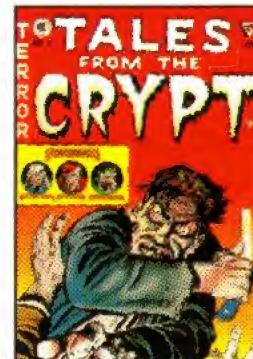
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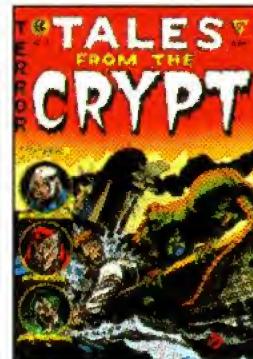
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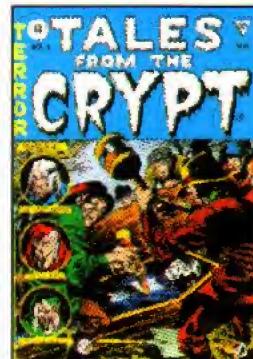
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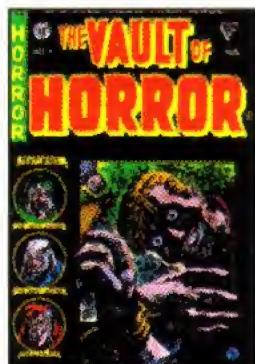
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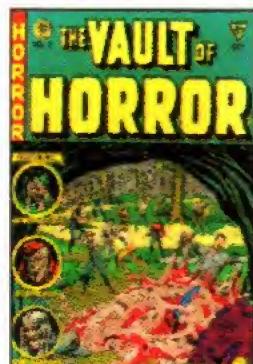
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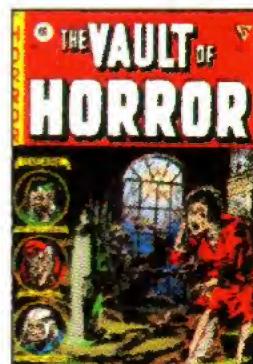
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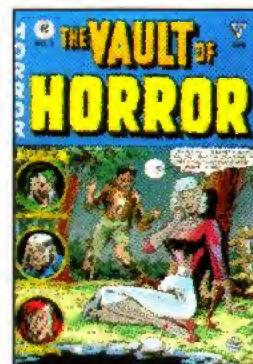
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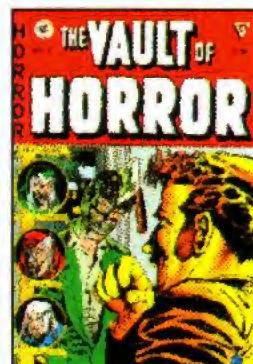
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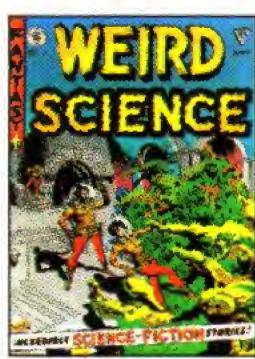
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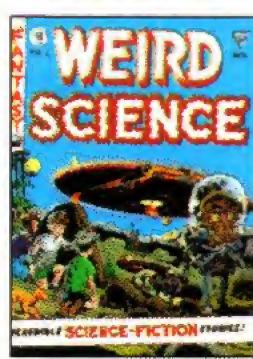
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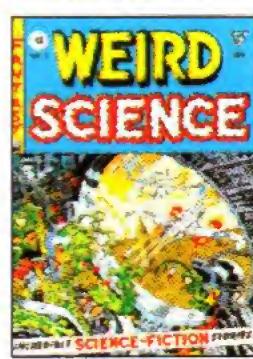
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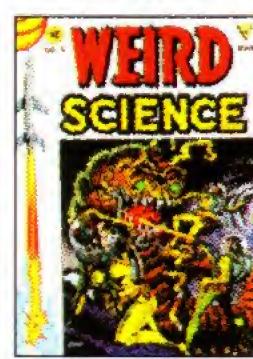
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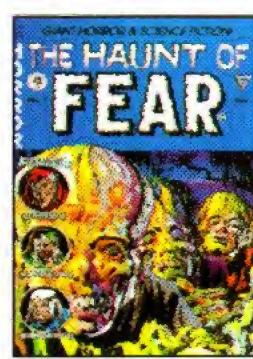
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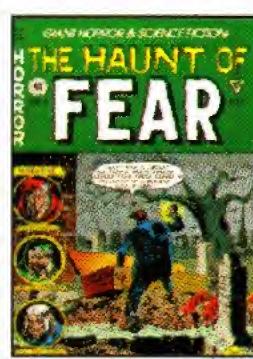
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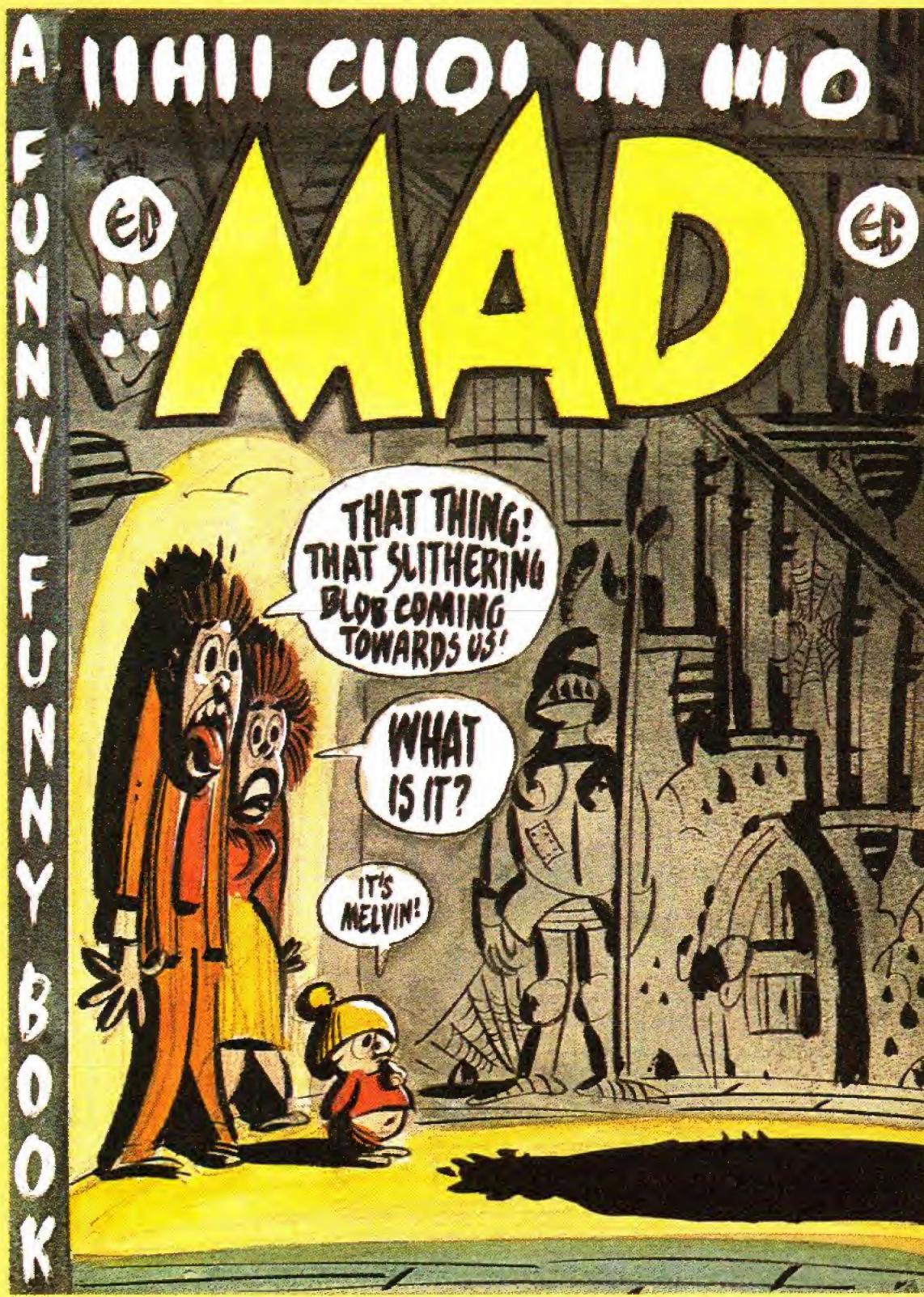
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